

M'LISS RECOMMENDS TRAVEL BOOKLETS TO "STAY-AT-HOMES"

See America, and the Far Indies, Too, Via the Imagination Route, If You're Pocket-book's Flat

WHAT a glorious possession is an imagination! I've always been convinced of this, but I never realized its full possibilities until I talked to the Travel Bureau Man.

He's the encyclopedic individual, you know, who can tell you offhand just when the trains leave for "Balochistan," wherever that may be, and how much it costs to go to Costa Rica. There's no use trying to trap him, for you can't do it.

Tucked away in his brain there's an appalling mass of information regarding boat arrivals, and departures, train schedules, the climates of the world, hotels, their accommodations and prices, the best doses to take for sea-sickness and what luggage you ought to lug when going to Norway, the land of the midnight sun.

He's surrounded by a whole library full of the most colorful literature. Indeed, it's almost impossible to describe these gorgeous pamphlets without dropping into, or climbing up to, the stimulating hyperbole that the descriptive artists who are responsible for them use to lure the unwary tourist to Jamaica, Newfoundland or Pike's peak.

St. Johns is "the most wonderful Mecca of the most impressive beauty and rugged grandeur."

In visiting Quebec the word wizards caution us, we should not miss "the many imposing religious edifices, the architectural splendor of its houses of Parliament, or the towering citadel that commands its topmost heights, or, perchance, the medievalism that clings to it in spite of centuries of progress."

Nor should you miss the rock on which the fortress is built, "the rock that is transcendental, overshadowing all else—the fabric foundation stone of the wonderful civilization that has been built up in this hemisphere."

The Panama Canal boats, we are told, "represent finality in the science of shipbuilding" and the service to be obtained on them is equal to "that of the finest and most exclusive metropolitan cafes."

But if you think the imagination of these painters of pen pictures of other lands is superdeveloped you are mistaken. Ask the Travel Bureau Man. He will tell you that there is a class of people whose power to imagine is far in excess of that of the pamphlet writers. It's the people who from year to year stop in at the bureau and "make out" they are going on long and fascinating trips—those who never get away even for two weeks at the seashore!

"There are two little dried-up women," the Travel Man told me, "who come in here every season and simply pore over the booklets. They never buy a ticket; indeed, they seldom buy clothes. They've been stopping in here for years and I've not noticed anything new in the way of hats or suits. But traveling via the imagination route is cheap and they go the limit on it."

"Last year they came in and freighted themselves with literature on Japan. They wanted to know when the cherry blossom season was; if one steamer trunk was sufficient for the two of them; whether the Pacific liners were all that they should be in point of modern equipments. They went away, pamphlets under arm, with their eyes shining."

"This year they're 'doing' the Rockies, by way of the Great Lakes. I know for a fact that they live in one room in a boarding house on a mere pittance and never get as far as Atlantic City."

There's something pathetic about these two women, and something humorous, too. Perhaps if one cannot afford to take a steamer de luxe and go sailing away to Bermuda or other happy lands, one is foolish, after all, not to do a little traveling via the imagination route.

Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Address all communications to M'Liss, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

Dear M'Liss—Will you please tell me if I am a citizen of the United States. My father was a Russian and I married in Berlin a German. We came to the United States about 14 years ago. My husband was naturalized after he had been here for about seven years. He is dead now. If I want to be a citizen and my children citizens do I have to take out papers? Thank you for the help you have given me so many times.

When your husband becomes a citizen of the United States you also become an automatic citizen. Now that he is dead you are still entitled to citizenship so long as you remain in this country. If you go abroad or take up your residence in another country and then return with the American citizen there if you wish to be regarded as a citizen of the United States, your children, if they were born in this country or brought here before they were of age, are citizens.

Dear M'Liss—I must first thank you for the few inquiries which I have answered, which I appreciate very much. When a gentleman takes a girl out, for instance, to the park and they take in the museum, before he tells her she is not to be regarded as a citizen of the United States, could you express her feelings that she is imposing on good nature?

I think I would be guided in my answer to the man by the manner of suggesting that we continue on the carousel or the building. If he asks you in a way to imply that "money is no object" to him and that your enjoyment is his only concern, I should most certainly follow my own impulses and desire.

If, on the other hand, he really cannot afford frequent trips on the scenic railway and asks you merely as a matter of form you will be able to sense" from his manner, don't you think, and even if you accept when he doesn't want you to it will teach him a good lesson not to appear generous when he really isn't so inclined. I am sure you will be able to handle such a situation very capably.

T. C.—See answer to your query concerning the washing of brown curly hair in the Fashion Column on this page.

AMERICAN WOMAN'S LOT HAPPIER THAN THAT OF ORIENTAL SISTERS

By DAISY EGGLESON

DO WE ever stop to consider how grateful we ought to be for the privilege of having been born American women? I had occasion to realize this many times in my recent trip to the Far East. Granted that there are exceptions, the large majority of the women in the Orient are either toys or drudges.

In British North Borneo I saw large crowds of women with stolid expressions, crushing stones in the quarries, or doing pick-and-shovel work in the streets under the tropical sun. They all wore black cotton coats and trousers, and large, perfectly flat hats of cane, with a black cotton ruffle finishing the edge all around. They belong to the lowest caste, and are called Haki women. Their husbands, in the majority of cases, dreamt their days away in the numerous and freely accessible opium places.

In China I saw old women, bent with years, knee-deep in the thick mud of the rice paddies transplanting one by one with infinite patience the stalks of rice. Their method of raising rice is very primitive, the rice being first planted close together and later transplanted by hand one stalk at a time—back-breaking work at best, and done mostly by the women.

Later, in Nagasaki, Japan, where our steamship stopped to take on coal, the coaling was done by men and women, as many of the latter as of the former. Tons and tons of coal were passed in baskets up the side of the ship by these women, some of them with babies tied to their backs in the Japanese manner. A drizzling, chilling rain that kept up for hours did not in the least interfere with their toil. For a day's work the captain told me the men received 20 sen, the women 30 sen, or in American money 15 and 10 cents respectively. Living being very cheap there, the amount is not in reality so small as it seems.

As for the women of the wealthy classes, to be sure, they do not have to toil, nor suffer bodily hardships, but their lot seems far from enviable compared to that of an American woman of like standing. That they recognize this themselves I had occasion to learn from a dainty little Japanese lady who was traveling with her husband, baby and nurse on the same liner across the Pacific. She spoke English very well, and with an alluring accent. While the American and European ladies donned evening gowns for dinner, and later played bridge or danced or conversed, this little Japanese called me in to see her dear fat brown baby asleep. I asked her why she did not come up for dinner, was she seasick?

"Oh, no," she laughed, "but our customs do not allow us to mingle with strange men. A lady must stay in her home. It must be interesting upstairs," she added wistfully, and then with a rueful smile she said: "I hope in my next incarnation I shall be an American lady."

An Autograph

O'er the wet sands an insect crawl
Ages ere man on earth was known,
And patient Time, while Nature slept,
The slender tracing turned to stone.

'T was the first autograph and ours?
Prithce, how much of prose or song,
In league with the creative powers,
Shall 'scape Oblivion's broom so long?

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PRACTICAL GINGHAM ROMPERS

THIS romper featured in just the thing for the little tot—girl or boy. It comes in sizes one and two years, and is made of gingham in pink and blue. The white poplin collar and cuffs are feather-stitched by hand in either pink or blue to match the gingham. The suit, which fastens in the back, has fullness introduced by double plaits over the shoulders. The pocket will bring joy to the youthful heart. Price, \$1.75.

Pique is used for the little knockabout hat, which has a tam-o'-shanter crown and soft brim that may be worn mushroom or turned up at one side as shown. It is finished with a self-band and pearl button. Its simplicity makes it easy to launder. Price, 85 cents.

The name of the shop where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

FASHION'S FANCIES

Readers who wish help in the solution of their dress problems should address their queries to the Fashion Expert, care of the Evening Ledger Woman's Page.

One would almost think she was a "tattooed lady," the summer girl of 1916, for she's painted from the top of her well-hatted head to the tip of her dainty shod foot. Only it's chiefly a matter of painted rainfall, rather than pigment.

Last week we discovered and wrote about some of the lovely volutes and chiffons that clever Philadelphia girls are touching up with their water colors in beautiful water-lily, orchid, sweet pea and other floral designs. Painted hats are an old story by this time. Comes now painted hosiery and footwear.

Esquiste white kid boots are delicately entwined with trailing arbutus and violets. The tips of milady's pumps are be-flowered with her favorite blossoms.

Of course the shoes are expensive—artistic hand-work always "comes high" unless you do it yourself—but imagine the lovely addition a pair of hand-painted boots are to a garden party costume! The wonder is that no one has ever thought of it before.

Dame Fashion, however, who is very explicit in laying down the law as to what we should wear, maintains a profound silence when it comes to the practicality of some of the articles she decrees. For instance, there is no word as to how we are to clean these delicate boots when they are soiled, and it would be an extravagant woman indeed who would buy a pair of white shoes that couldn't be regenerated ever so often. But doubtless by the time these boots have gained high favor a way of whitening them and at the same time of preserving the pristine freshness of the painted flowers will have been discovered.

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me if a brown curly hair would ever look the same after it is washed, even if it is properly washed and not ironed? And will it shrink very thin white material will be fashionable this year for a dress, would it wear better than a few weeks I would be much obliged, as I am going away from the city the first of June. Yours truly,

A woman who had a dark blue corduroy skirt tells me that she washed successfully in lukewarm water and soap. She then hung it by the waistband to dry and after it was dry freshened the nap with brisk applications of a stiff white brush. The skirt did not shrink a bit. I am not content with her verdict, however. Although she declares her skirt was not made of the finest corduroy, I verified as to the washable kind, and so I have set into

communication with an expert, asking him if corduroy of every variety will come through the wash unscathed. When I hear from him I will let you know in this column.

In regard to your second query, I personally am infatuated with Georgette crepe. My next choice is white net, of the fine quality that is known as "communication" net. Some of the most charming white frocks that I have seen this season are made of this material. Of course, a silk slip is required. Hatline and handkerchief lines—despite the latter's scarcity, and consequent increase in price—are smart and "make up" prettily.

Dear Madam: What do you think about wearing white kid shoes with a dark blue serge suit? What kind of shoes would you suggest? I want something dressy, for afternoon parties, etc. Can you help me out? G. W.

The appropriateness of a dark suit and white shoes depends largely upon the occasion. For instance, you could wear a serge suit and white shoes for a morning or afternoon stroll on the boardwalk, when you couldn't wear the same outfit on Chestnut street. You could wear it when you go out to a roof garden or hotel for dinner, when you could wear it to the office. Then, too, the shoes must always be immaculate.

Dear Madam—Suggest to me, if you will, please, the kind of hat that I can buy which will be suitable for all occasions. I have a dark blue suit which I wear to the office with a dark blue suit. I want to get an extra hat that is not too elaborate. BUSINESS GIRL.

A large hat, I think, is a practical necessity to the wardrobe of every girl who wants to look well. Millie is very flattering, but it is impossible to secure a hat that is very quickly. I would suggest a big, brim or hatline of the sailor variety, with a wide brim, or a soft felt of mink, if you are clever with the needle you can refurbish the mink when it gets rusty.

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Marion Harland's Corner

Making Raincoat Supple
CAN you tell me of a way to restore a valuable raincoat to its normal condition? After using it at the seashore last summer it has so stiffened as to stand alone—absolutely worthless for wear. "M. F. B."

Were it mine I should first sponge it with alcohol, wipe it dry, and when not a trace of moisture remains go all over it with neat's foot oil—otherwise "harness oil." Rub it in thoroughly, "suppling" the material as you go on. I have seen this done with good effect upon a mackintosh. You do not say of what your raincoat is made. The oiling can do no harm. Readers are invited to supply a better remedy.

Stiffening Hat Brim
"Kindly inform me how to make the brim of a black hemp hat stiff. Whenever I have it out in the morning dew or rain it falls down like a wilted flower. I thought probably you could help me out, as you give such good advice to other people. Will you also suggest some way of trimming the hat?" P. J. C.

A man who chanced to be present when a big batch of mail was brought into the Corner's quarters the other day queried wonderingly, "What do all those people write to you about?" The answer was, "Everything from emeralds to matrimony." Today the editor is forced to modify the rash boast that we are equal to handling almost any subject (after a fashion). We do not pretend to skill in millinery. The question just submitted is printed to show our willingness to listen to any tale of woe—and in the belief that somebody will meet the difficulty intelligently, at least so far as stiffening the limp brim is concerned. Trimming we take to be a matter of individual taste and becomingness. Referred.

Going to Speak a Piece
"I am needing a speech for school, and if anybody can help me to get the one I want the Corner can, because my mother says it can do anything that any mortal can." Now, I am anxious to get one called "Christening the Baby" and another called "Reuben Is Gwine Be Baptized," or another speech that has a lot of expression in it. If any one will be kind enough to tell me even who the authors are I shall be more than glad to pay the postage. The favor will certainly be more than appreciated, and maybe I'll be able to help the Corner some time. I'm a girl only 12 years old, but am anxious to win the declamation prize. I got a sister to type-write this for me, so that you could read it easier. The Corner's heart softens lovingly in the perusal of your letter; it is so de-

clatiously girlish and natural. Sister did the typewriting, but the wording is all yours. I wish, by the way, that some grown-up correspondent had sisters with convenient typewriters. Thank! your mother for her too favorable opinion of

All communications addressed to Marion Harland should enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a clipping of the article in which you are interested persons wishing to be published should send a note to the Editor, care of the Evening Ledger, 608 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and have received them, commencing direct with these articles.

the Corner. She is a keen-sighted woman and takes the will for the deed. Of course we will do our best to get the credit sections for this confiding child of the Corner. Junior members will be able to help her to win the declamation prize. She has our ardent wishes in her behalf.

Air Cushion to Donato
"If you know of any one who needs an air cushion, and is not able to buy it, can let her or him have one that is new." C. E. L.

You tender a thing of value. We surely get one, and when it is offered it is instantly snapped up by somebody who has been suffering for the lack of it. Hold on until you hear who would like to get this treasure.

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